Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

THe forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that smels
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
One blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

VVHere art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face suruay,
If time haue any wrincle grauen there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times spoiles dispised euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time wasts life,
So thou preuenst his sieth, and crooked knife.

101

OH truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,

For

For thy neglect of truth in b
Both truth and beauty on m
So dost thou too, and therei
Make answere Muse, wilt th
Truth needs no collour with
Beautie no pensell, beauties
But best is best, if neuer inte
Because he needs no praise, v
Excuse not silence so, for 't li
To make him much out-liue
And to be praisd of ages yet
Then do thy office Muse,
To make him seeme long

10

MY loue is strengthne
I loue not lesse, thogh
That loue is marchandiz'd, w
The owners tongue doth pu
Our loue was new, and then
When I was wont to greet
As *Philomell* in summers fro
And stops his pipe in growth
Not that the summer is lesse
Then when her mournefull h
But that wild musick burthe
And sweets growne commo
Therefore like her, I some
Because I would not dull

11

ALack what pouerty my
That hauing such a sko
The argument all bare is of m
Then when it hath my adde
Oh blame me not if I no mo
Looke in your glasse and the
That ouer-goes my blunt in
Dulling my lines, and doing